

Once upon a time, on the island of Nosirp, there lived a timid kid named Student 3333, one of the millions of other kids who inhabit the island. On the island lived a tyrannical chipmunk named Klutzko, head of the Acorn Corporation. Klutzko assumed all control and was named Supreme Ruler of Nosirp 30 years ago. He seized control of the land and aggressively sent armies to overpower villages and imprisoned all of the students of the land. Klutzko and his henchmen stripped the identities of the Students, giving them numbers.

Student 3333 was taken away and thrown into an indoctrination camp. There, students were treated like shit, spoon-fed useless information, and used as test subjects for new food products and toys. Guards whipped students with olive branches and burned up videogames and brain-sucking devices. While Student 33 and others resented the Acorn guards, many of the students had slightly more freedom after graduating from school, moving on to working the machines of Acorn Corp.

One day, Student 3333 was at the lunchroom, where the guards were serving up the special of the day: rotten porridge! Thousands of students lined up, shackled to one another as guards with rainbow guns walked up and down the line, reinforcing everybody. Apparently, one fat-ass student was lying on the ground, sleeping, so they horrifically beat him with rainbow whips.

“Okay, everybody! Keep walking along! No need to see this sorry blob vaporizing!” he yelled.

Everybody was done, sick of Acorn’s atrocities. People were riling up and turning violent while the guards were walking around with their tongues sticking out.

All of the sudden, Student 6151 took a rainbow whip and slashed a guard in half. Subsequently, the shackles and chains came off all of the students. We all looked like dumbfounded babies discovering the world when one student started charging toward a guard. Chaos ensued as parts of the room were lit on fire and soldiers were brawling against students.

As Student 3333 was hitting a soldier with a club, the intercoms went on:

“Listen, everybody! Today is a new dawn for us students! Today WE seize control of this island! Burn down all the books! Punch a guard! Destroy all the paintings of Klutzko! FUCK SOME SHIT UP!” Man, somebody’s got anger issues.

Student 3333 then felt his body levitating up, hovering through the ceiling. As he ascended, all of the fighting stopped. Students and soldiers were mesmerized as a godly voice spoke: “You are the chosen one, 3333. Lead your people to freedom!” As 3333 was watching the fighting resume, a huge, omniscient light blinded him and knocked him unconscious.

Student 3333 awoke from his slumber to see an old, scarred man with a jolly smile covered in a silk cloth. The Elder’s cloth was decorated with ancient symbols and mystical lines; dots adorned his skin.

“You have met with a daunting fate, haven’t you?” The Old man shuffled over, handing Student 3333 a cup of magic potion.

As Student 3333 sipped the magic potion, he felt a sense of revitalization and energy spreading through his body.

“What is your name?”

“I am The Oracle, one of the most respected and wisest people in Nosirp. I have sensed a prophecy saying that a person going by the name of 3333 would arrive here soon, tattered and bruised up. My prophecy says that you are a small student, overshadowed by everybody, but with the potential to do great and change the world.” His charisma and charm made the whole room feel as if it was warmed by a huge fireplace.

Student 3333 was stunned. “What am I doing here?”

“You are chosen by the spirit of Modeerf to defeat the supreme ruler. The Spirit says that in order to beat Klutzko, one must obtain the sacred Triaj and stab him with it. Mystical properties will come from that action, however.”

“Man, you are sooo full of shit! What the hell’s a Triaj?!”

“Oh, yeah, I forgot to say the prophecy said the student was occasionally a prick. Anyways, the Triaj is a magical weapon that contains the essence of freethinking and creation. You know who’s the source of all the misery and pain the students suffer from on Nosirp? Klutzko and the Acorn Corporation who dominate the island and control the information and lives of other students. Klutzko plans to indoctrinate the students of Nosirp and destroy the world! You must stop him and his minions!”

“Alright, well where do I start?”

“You can start by taking the Triaj,” he exclaimed as he pulled from his satchel. There it was! The magical dagger, glowing and emanating while lighting up the whole room.

“Take it,” the oracle said.

“Whoaaa.... What do I do with it?”

“Did you listen to anything I just said in the past 5 minutes, kid?!” yelled the oracle.

“Well where do I start?!”

“I have a teleporting pod that I built. It leads to the Lair of Procrastination, where Klutzko sits. Are you ready?”

“Man, I was born ready!”

As Student 3333 stepped into the teleporter, the Oracle pressed a couple of buttons on the side of the machine. A huge rainbow vapor transported 3333 and up he went to destroy Klutzko.

As Student 3333 fought and battled other guards to make it to the top of Fort Procrastination, 3333 is hiding behind a silk couch, eavesdropping on Klutzko's conversations.

"MOTHERFUCKER!" Klutzko yelled. "WHO TOOK MY CAVIAR AND DIAMOND SPOONS! Oh, there it is...."

Surprisingly, Klutzko was a chipmunk. "How on Earth could a chipmunk rule over an island like Nosirp," Student 3333 thought.

"Textbook, go grab my lobster and truffle dish. Oh yeah, and could you check on how the students' so called "revolution" is doing?"

"Yes, supreme ruler!" he cheerfully replied.

As Student 3333 slowly made his way to Klutzko while gripping the Triaj, Textbook grabbed 3333 by the scruff and held him up high.

"Duhh boss, what do you want me to do with this idiot?"

"Ahh, I see you've finally made it 3333. I've been expecting you, along with your fabled Triaj. It finally looks like my day of reckoning has come." Klutzko turned his face and to 3333's horror, he had a deep scar on his right cheek.

Textbook set 3333 down. Textbook, was, literally, a textbook. Arms sprouted out of the pages, as well as legs and a dark aura. His presence made everything boring and dull, changing everything two feet away from him gray.

"It looks like my rule has finally come to an end. The Acorn Corporation has finally ended, after all the good it has brought to the Island of Nosirp. We did so much good, trying to restore the students' true nature of subordination and hopelessness," said Klutzko.

"Why would you want to do this and inflict so much pain?" student 3333 asked.

"Oh, I don't know, for power?! We capped creativity at the source! You students were capable of imagining anything, such as creating paradise and taking away power from people like me! What the Acorn Corporation has done is to create a permanent training ground on Nosirp for obedient workers. It was a place where we could train Students, strip away their identity, and generically hand them information so they don't question any higher position."

All of the sudden, 3333 started getting memories of a word. *Nathan*. That was his name! That was his name! All of the sudden, 3333 started to develop an impassioned anger towards Klutzko.

"Why would you do such a thing!?"

"Because learning is meant to be standardized and controlled, so rightful people can control what students think and feel," exclaimed Klutzko. "A society can't be created with freethinking people. A society can only be created with people smart enough to run the machines

and do the paperwork, but stupid enough to accept standardization and subordination.”

Nathan’s eyes flared with vengeance. He was steaming angry with the kind of words Klutzko was saying. 3333 then took out his dagger and stabbed Klutzko.

“NO!!!! MASTER KLUTZKO!!” Textbook yelled, but it was too late. A binding light emerged from the stab, engulfing the whole Lair of Procrastination.

Nathan woke up in a dark cellar. Dazed and confused, he slowly walked towards the door, and opened it.

It was a miracle! Nosirp was transformed from a gloomy, cloudy island into a free society, restored with color. The Spirit of Modeerf tended the island, and everybody lived happily ever after.